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A Pillow Story



88 20 13

Chapter 1 by intellikat

Once upon a time (as so many stories begin) there was an old, stained pillow that sat comfortably on a chair in a coffee shop downtown.

Chapter 2 by Gounaitory



So many people sat on him. But no one ever spilled a coffee on him. He was lucky until when one day an old man came to coffee shop.

Chapter 3 by Jen Eric



He moved the thick lumpy exhausted pillow to another chair near the window. Disoriented and baffled from being flung from across the room by the old man, the pillow was astounded by the warmth and brightness of the sun.

Chapter 4 by VoxyBRZ



He never considered the UV rays, the heat and glare and the ultimate damage undoubtedly

from bleach or some other harsh

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Chapter 5 by OrangeElephant



Then an old woman picked the pillow up. She whispered to it. She said "I'm gonna fix you up!" The old woman (who turned out to be called Betty) brought the pillow to her little cottage. For weeks, Betty sewed and stuffed the pillow. When she was finished, the pillow was as good as new. He never felt so alive. The woman used him every day for years, until that one horrible day...

Chapter 6 by intellikat



...when Uncle Albrecht came to visit.

Uncle Albrecht was 54, and weighed a brickload. Layers of fat rolled like ocean waves as he walked. His hindquarters were a butcher's wet dream... his asshole large enough to hide Amelia Earhardt and her airplane.

Uncle Albrecht waddled his way toward the pillow and descended upon him with such force that his new stitchings nearly burst. He felt his stuffing being squeezed to the utmost... and then... and then... he sensed it.

A rumbling in Uncle Albrecht's belly.

Something terrible was about to happen.

Chapter 7 by Laylan S



The pillow waited in anticipation, thoughts flying through his head! Too fast for him to focus on one and nail it down!

His life flashed before him, how he regretted not appreciating life's joys!

Pillow finally gained some sense and thought:

"Should he accept his fate and let nature takes it course!"

Or

"Should he do something!"

The time was coming, and the pillow was prepared for the sudden coming. See more of Story Wars [make me the suddenly coming](#)

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Then with an almighty roar, the

Chapter 8 by intellikat



...threw himself unto the floor as Uncle Albrecht released a thunderous frappppp that shook the windows of Betty's cottage and left many mugs and dishes rattling upon her shelves for about ten seconds after.

Betty turned and looked from the kitchen, and then began to wheeze as the contents of Uncle Albrecht's last four meals became known to her nostrils in post-digested form. She struggled to balance, and felt her thoughts cloud as she reached for a wet towel to cover her face. Her eyes were tearing up and she could no longer see clearly. A deep darkness passed over her as she crumpled to her knees and tried to crawl toward the door.

And the pillow lay... beneath the table, holding its breath and waiting for a rescue that it did not know would ever come. It knew that this was very likely...

the end

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